MARVEL

1

LGY#027

DAN WATTERS · GERMÁN PERALTA · MIKE SPICER

LOKI

WEAPONS FROM LOKI'S PAST NOW DOOM MARVEL'S FUTURE!

THE NORSEMEN KNEW, IN TIMES OF OLD.

THEY KNEW HOW TO SURVIVE, HOW TO HUNT AND RAID AND KILL.

THEY KNEW HOW TO DIE, AND THIS THEY DID IN ABUNDANCE.

AND SO, THEY KNEW TOO HOW TO MOURN.

THEY KNEW TO BEND THE SWORDS OF WARRIORS AND BURY THEM ALONGSIDE THE CORPSE, SO THAT THE DEAD MIGHT BE HONORED.

AND THEY KNEW IT WAS RIGHT TO GROOM THE BODY BEFORE LAYING IT TO REST. TO TRIM THE BEARD AND HAIR--

--BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, TO CUT THE FINGERNAILS SHORT.

TO CUT THEM SHORT BECAUSE OF *LOKI*.

THE NORSEMEN KNEW THE GOD OF MISCHIEF HAD BEEN BUILDING A WARSHIP SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME TO SAIL AGAINST THE GODS OF ASGARD...

...AND IN LIEU OF PLANKS OF OAK, HE WAS USING THE *RAGGED NAILS* OF THE *DEAD.*

THUS, TO SPARE THEIR KIN THE FATE OF BECOMING A PART OF THE DREAD SHIP *NAGLFAR,* THE NAILS MUST BE SHORT, UNFIT FOR HIS TIMBER.

AND SO, LOKI'S CRAFT WAS SOURCED FROM THOSE WHO WENT UNBURIED.

FROM THOSE WHO WERE ABANDONED ON BATTLEFIELDS, THOSE CURSED AND SPAT UPON.

HE BUILT HIS SHIP FROM THE UNWANTED. THE *UNLOVED.*

HE BUILT HIS SHIP FROM *US.*

THERE HAVE BEEN FALSE STARTS SINCE THEN.

OUR SAILS HAVE BEEN UNFURLED, OUR BOARDS TROD UPON BY MANY WHO'VE CRIED OF RAGNAROK AND SOUGHT TO FELL THE GODS.

YET THE END OF TIMES HAS NOT COME. EACH TIME THEY HAVE BEEN THWARTED--AND WE HAVE ENDED UP BACK HERE, UNDER KEY OF ASGARD ITSELF. LOCKED UP IN THE DARK.

WE PASS THE TIME WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER OUR TALES OF DREAD AND WOE. AND WE WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

TODAY, IT APPEARS SOMETHING MAY.

TODAY, IT APPEARS SOMEONE IS ABOUT TO *STEAL* US.

LOKI, WHO IS NO LONGER THE GOD OF MISCHIEF.

WHO, MANY MOONS AGO, WAS EVEN CALLED THE GOD OF EVIL.

WHO IS NOW KING OF THE FROZEN LAND OF JOTUNHEIM, REALM OF THE FROST GIANTS, EVER ON THE BRINK OF CIVIL WAR.

LOKI WHO IS NOW GOD OF STORIES, OF PARABLE AND POSSIBILITY, OF THAT WHICH TEACHES EMPATHY AND PATTERN TO THE UNIVERSE.

THESE RESPONSIBILITIES WOULD WEIGH HEAVY INDEED ON ANY HEAD. AND THUS, MY BROTHER, I TAKE IT UPON MYSELF, ON OCCASION, TO CHECK IN WITH THEE.

TO ENSURE THE DELICATE BALANCE OF YOUR DUTIES DOES NOT THREATEN TO TIP AND CRUSH YOU.

THAT THE LONELINESS OF KINGS DOES NOT ENVELOP YOU TOO WHOLLY.

CARE TO EXPLAIN TO ME THEN, MY BROTHER, WHY INSTEAD OF UPON YOUR THRONE, I FIND YOU HERE...

...IN THIS, THE LAND OF *FLORIDA*?

Miami Voice

"THE LIAR"

Chapter One

DAN WATTERS.....writer
GERMÁN PERALTA.....artist
MIKE SPICER.....color artist
VC's TRAVIS LANHAM..... letterer
MICHELLE MARCHESE.....asst. editor
WIL MOSS.....editor

THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF *MY* PLACES, THOR.

THEY'VE ALWAYS WRITTEN ALL THESE WONDERFUL *STORIES* ABOUT ME HERE.

La Bonaerense

WAIT, ARE YOU SAYING *YOU'RE--?*

Hurricane season

Florida man attempts to trade alligator for

NO, IT MATTERS NOT.

WHAT MATTERS, LOKI, IS THAT YOU DO NOT TAKE YOUR KINGLY DUTIES FOR GRANTED.

HOW MANY TALES HAVE YOU KNOWN IN WHICH A KING'S HUBRIS HAS BEEN HIS DOWN-FALL?

I KNOW *EXACTLY* HOW MANY HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AND TOLD, THOR.

SO *RELAX.*

YOU RULE ASGARD YOUR WAY, I'LL DO THINGS MY WAY, HM?

AND I *HAVE* EXERCISED MY KINGLY DUTIES. SORTA KINDA, AT LEAST.

I HAVE MADE A **DECREE** IN JOTUNHEIM...

"I HAVE DECREED ALL DENIZENS OF THE KINGDOM SHOULD BE TAUGHT HOW TO **READ.**"

DA-- KWIK--BROWN-- FAWKS...

I'M NOT CERTAIN I UNDERSTAND.

THEIR KING IS GOD OF STORIES. THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCESS THEM THEMSELVES.

BESIDES, THEY KEPT TRYING TO GO TO WAR WITH EACH OTHER OR FORM ALLIANCES AGAINST ME, BLAH BLAH BLAH.

THEIR ABC'S ARE KEEPING THEM BUSY...

"...SOME OF THEM HAVE TAKEN TO IT WITH SURPRISING ENTHUSIASM."

YOU SEE? IT'S TRUE.

JUST LIKE THE BOOK SAID.

ILLUSTRATED NORSE MYTHS FOR CHILDREN

THAT PIP-SQUEAK INSISTS IN CALLING 'IMSELF OUR KING, AND 'E BUILT THIS SHIP THAT'S MEANT FOR KILLIN' GODS.

AND 'E'S JUST LET 'EM *KEEP* IT!

NAW. BY RIGHTS, IT'S OURS. IF 'E'S KING, IT'S *JOTUNHEIM'S.*

AND IF LOKI DON'T *WANT* IT-- IF 'E'S TOO WEAK--

--WELL, THEN WE USE IT TO TAKE THE THRONE FROM 'IM OURSELVES.

WE AIN'T NEVER SAILED A SHIP BEFORE THOUGH, *GLUT.*

NORMALLY WE JUST *WALK* EVERYWHERE AND WE SMASH STUFF.

RUT, MY BROTHER. WE LEARNED HOW TO *READ,* DIDN'T WE? TO PULL ALL THOSE LITTLE SQUIGGLES TOGETHER AND MAKE 'EM MAKE SENSE.

'OW MUCH 'ARDER CAN IT BE TO MAKE SENSE OF SOME ROPES AND SOME CLOTH?

It takes an awful lot of fingernails to build a longship.

There are an awful lot of us here, stewing in our fate.

To sail the *Naglfar* smoothly, one must *coordinate* us all.

One must be able to make sense of all that pain and dread all at once, and coerce it to move in harmony.

W-wait... not that way!

Not *that* way, that's the *world tree*, dum-dum!

Though to be honest, we suspect something like this might have happened if Glut and Rut had attempted to steal *any* ship.

NO--

NO!

We suspect they may not even have made sense of the words in the books very well either...

...THEY WERE PROBABLY JUST LOOKING AT THE *PICTURES.*

A-KRUNCH

RUT--!

GLUT--?

RUUUUUU!

YGGDRASIL, THE WORLD TREE, IS THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE, CONNECTING THE TEN REALMS OF REALITY.

SHOULD YOU CRASH A *REALLY BIG SHIP* INTO THE WORLD TREE, *EVERYONE* IS LIABLE TO NOTICE.

WHAT IN HEL WAS THAT?

AH. UH.

LOOK.

LOKI... THAT DAMNED SHIP OF YOURS.

REMIND ME. WAS IT NOT MEANT TO BE UNDER THE EYE OF *YOUR* WATCHMEN?

WE SHOULD PROBABLY--

YES, LOKI.

ILLUSTRATED NORSE MYTHS FOR CHILDREN

AH. OKAY. THIS MAY HAVE BEEN MY BAD.

THE IMPACT WAS GREAT, BUT THE WORLD TREE IS HARDY. THERE IS NO DAMAGE.

OKAY. THAT'S GOOD. YES.

ONLY TO THE SHIP.

AH...

"SHOW ME."

LOKI. WHAT IS THE MATTER?

THREE PIECES, IT LOOKS LIKE.

THREE SPLINTERED PIECES OF DRIFTWOOD FROM THE *NAGLFAR*, FLOATING OUT THERE IN THE UNIVERSE.

PROBABLY FINE.

REALLY. ALMOST DEFINITELY PROBABLY FINE.

LOKI. EXPLAIN.

WELLLLLL...

LOKI SUSPECTS, AS PROBABLY SO DO YOU, THAT PIECES OF THE *NAGLFAR*--

--STEEPED AS WE ARE IN MILLENNIA OF MISERY, LASHED TOGETHER WITH BLACK MAGIC AND WETTED WITH THE BLOOD OF FROST GIANTS--

--ARE UNLIKELY TO DRIFT THROUGH THE COSMOS WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE.

THE FIRST PIECE OF US HAS ALREADY WASHED ASHORE IN *NIDAVELLIR*, WHERE THE DWARVES CRAFTED BEAUTIFUL THINGS...

...UNTIL MOST OF THEM DIED HORRIBLE, TRAGIC DEATHS AT THE CLAWS OF THOSE WHO COVETED THE CRAFT OF THEIR WEAPONS.*

*SEE *CARNAGE* #9. --WIL

IT RESTS THERE, THRUMMING WITH POTENTIAL. IT WOULD MAKE A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF RAW MATERIAL FOR A BLACKSMITH, WOULD IT NOT?

THE SECOND IS FLUNG FAR FURTHER AFIELD, BUFFERED BY COSMIC CURRENTS...

...BEFORE BEING DRAGGED INTO A CELESTIAL UNDERTOW AND VANISHING FROM SIGHT.

AND THE THIRD--THE LARGEST PIECE, A CLUSTER OF PARTICULARLY CRUEL AND BITTER SOULS USED TO FORTIFY OUR HULL--HAS FALLEN TO *MIDGARD.*

TO A CONTINENT THE NORSEMEN BROACHED HALF A CENTURY BEFORE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WHERE IT HAS CALLED OUT TO MORTALS WHOSE TURGID SOULS MIGHT RHYME WITH ITS OWN.

AND IT HAS BEEN FOUND.

NAGLFAR MUST BE RESTORED.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.

LOKI... YOU MUST BE QUICK ABOUT IT. AND *QUIET.*

IF THESE PIECES OF JETSAM ARE AS DANGEROUS AS YOU SAY...

YOU BUILT A WEAPON, AND *YOUR* SUBJECTS HAVE LAUNCHED SHARDS OF IT INTO REALMS THAT ARE NOT YOUR OWN.

I KNOW, I KNOW. IT COULD BE TAKEN AS AN ACT OF WAR, ET CETERA, ET CETERA.

I'D BEST GET ON WITH IT. THE REST OF THE SHIP WILL LEAD ME TO THEM, EASY ENOUGH.

YOU PLAN TO *SAIL* IT?

DON'T BE DAFT. I CAN'T SAIL A SHIP WITH *HOLES* IN IT.

I'M JUST GOING TO TAKE IT WITH ME.

JOTUNHEIM.
LOKI'S KINGDOM.

(WHERE HE PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS WHOLE TIME, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.)

LOKI FOR PRESIDENT

NOW, WHERE IS THAT DAMNED--?

AHA!

PROBABLY GOING TO NEED *THIS* AT SOME POINT.

AND PACK ME SOME SANDWICHES IF YOU DON'T MIND, DRRF.

KING LOKI. MANY OF US--

--THAT IS, *UM*, MANY OF THEM...YOUR *SUBJECTS*--

--WELL, THEY'VE BEEN WONDERING IF THEY MIGHT BEGIN PREPARING FOR WAR?

FOR *WAR?*

IF THE ACTIONS OF THOSE TWO REBELS, GLUT AND RUT, DO LEAD TO OTHER REALMS INVADING... WE MUST BE *READY*, MUST WE NOT?

EXACTLY HOW *MANY* OF MY OH-SO-LOYAL SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERING THIS?

ARE THEY NOT BRAVE ENOUGH TO RAISE THEIR GRIEVANCES TO MY FACE?

RIGHT.

GIANTS OF JOTUNHEIM. THERE ARE DANGEROUS DAYS BEFORE US.

I WOULD ASK OF YOU ONLY THREE THINGS.

SHOULD IT COME TO IT-- ARE YOU READY FOR WAR?

AYE!

AND, SHOULD IT COME TO IT, WILL YOU FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE BLINDLY, READY TO SPILL BLOOD ON MY EVERY ORDER?

AYYE!

AND THIRDLY, ARE YOU AWARE THAT ANY OF YOU WHO HAD A HAND IN HELPING RUT AND GLUT OF THE FLUTIN CLAN STEAL MY WARSHIP IS CURSED TO DIE A VERY HORRIBLE DEATH, VERY, VERY SOON?

AY-- UNH?

IT'S ODD. I CAN'T IMAGINE THOSE TWO GENIUSES WORKING OUT HOW TO WALTZ INTO AN *INTERDIMENSIONAL ASGARDIAN VAULT* ON THEIR OWN.

THEY'D PROBABLY NEED *MAGIC.* KINDA LIKE *YOUR* MAGIC, *SKRYMIR.*

AND TO HATCH THE SCHEME IN THE FIRST PLACE--TO FIND THE GUTS TO CARRY IT OUT--

--I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE NEEDED PLENTY OF ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THEIR FELLOW GIANTS.

BUT NONE OF YOU WOULD BE FOOL ENOUGH TO GET INVOLVED IN SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

YOU'VE ALL *FINISHED* THE BOOKS I TOLD YOU TO READ, AND NOW YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT *RAGNAROK.*

AS COMPONENTS OF A SHIP *BUILT* FOR RAGNAROK, WE TEND TO DISCUSS IT AMONGST OURSELVES A FAIR BIT.

RAGNAROK IS THE END OF THE WORLD.

IT IS THE WAR IN WHICH WE ARE TO SAIL AGAINST THE GODS, AND THE GODS DIE.

APPARENTLY, IT HAPPENS OVER AND OVER AGAIN, FEEDING THE UNIVERSE'S CYCLE OF DEATH AND REBIRTH.

SOME AMONG US BELIEVE THE UNIVERSE ITSELF IS A METAPHOR FOR RAGNAROK--

--THAT ALL THE STRUGGLES, BATTLES AND WARS EVER FOUGHT ARE ONLY SHOCK-WAVES OF THAT MIGHTY CONFLICT'S IMPACT, ECHOING OUT ACROSS TIME AND SPACE.

OTHERS AMONG US RECKON THAT IS OVERTHINKING IT ALL A BIT.

BUT IT IS CERTAINLY TRUE THAT MANY PLACES FACE THEIR OWN CYCLES OF DEATH AND REBIRTH.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, *NIDAVELLIR.*

ONCE THE REALM OF THE FORGES OF THE DWARVES, IT WAS FROM THEM, LONG AGO, THAT LOKI SOURCED THE MOST BITTER AND WRETCHED TO BE OUR OWN CARPENTERS.

THIS PLACE OF UNMATCHED CRAFTSMANSHIP AND SKILL, WHERE WEAPONS SUCH AS MJOLNIR AND STORMBREAKER WERE DREAMED AND MADE.

ALL OF THAT IS GONE NOW. ALL REDUCED TO ASH, AS THE UNIVERSE WILL BE IN THE WAKE OF RAGNAROK.

IT IS SAID, WHEN THE DUST OF THAT GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG IS SETTLED, TWO MORTALS WILL EMERGE. A HANDFUL OF GODS WILL STILL STAND.

THOSE GODS WILL GIFT THE MORTALS LIF AND LIFTHRASIR THE TOOLS WITH WHICH TO REBUILD.

AND HERE ON NIDAVELLIR TOO, A FEW SURVIVORS CAN BE FOUND.

AND ONE OF THEM TOO HAS FOUND A *GIFT.*

SO...YOU SAY YOU CURSED THE *NAGLFAR* SO ANYONE INVOLVED IN SAILING IT BEFORE RAGNAROK SUFFERS A BRUTAL AND VIOLENT DEATH?

SURE. BEHEADING, BLUDGEONING, OTHER HORRIBLE "B" WORDS.

ANYONE BUT **ME**, OF COURSE. IT'S JUST THE SORT OF THING I USED TO DO.

THERE MAY YET BE A WAY TO CIRCUMVENT SAID UNTIMELY DEATHS.

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DO THE RESEARCH MYSELF, BUT YOU'RE ALL MORE THAN WELCOME TO STUDY UP ON IT IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY...

"...I'D START AT ONE END AND JUST WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH."

HUH.

A **DEATH CURSE** ON THE **SHIP**. WASN'T SURE EVEN THAT LOT WOULD BUY SUCH DRIVEL.

NOW... NIDAVELLIR, I BELIEVE...

LET'S FETCH THAT FIRST PIECE BEFORE IT CAUSES TOO MUCH DRAMA.

NIDAVELLIR.

HM. DRAMA.

THE DWARF'S NAME IS *SEMIR THATCHBEARD.*

HE WORKED IN THE HILLS, FAR FROM THE MAIN FORGES, AND WAS OVERLOOKED BY THE END OF HIS WORLD.

HE WAS A DECENT ENOUGH BLACKSMITH IN HIS DAY--BUT NOTHING SPECIAL, TRULY.

UNTIL HE FOUND A PIECE OF *US.*

AND THOUGH THE FORGES OF THIS LAND ARE COLD, HE FOUND HE DID NOT *NEED* ONE TO RESHAPE US--

--THAT WE WOULD SIMPLY WARP AND CHANGE UNDER HIS TOUCH.

HE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT SCULPTING US INTO A *WEAPON.*

HE SIMPLY THOUGHT OF THE NIGHTS, BITTER ENOUGH TO MAKE HIS BELOVED SON, *EITIN,* SHIVER--AND HOW THE TREE ROOTS LEFT UNSCOURGED BY THE DEATH OF THIS REALM WERE WITHERED AND TOUGH TO HACK DOWN.

HE SOUGHT AN AX OF GOOD QUALITY.

HE DID NOT EXPECT US TO BECOME SO *BEAUTIFUL.* SO *DEADLY.*

NOR, WHEN THEY SAW HIM USING IT, DID THE OTHER CLANS BELIEVE HE COULD HAVE CRAFTED IT HIMSELF.

WE ARE SO *VERY* BEAUTIFUL, YOU SEE?

THEY ALL WANTED US FOR THEMSELVES.

SEMIR AND HIS CLAN DID NOT WANT TO GIVE US UP.

AND, WELL...

...ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER.

AND THAT THING LED TO *WAR.*

OH, HANG ON...

MY FRIENDS. DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE LOKI, ETERNAL ALLY OF THE DWARVES?

OOF!

WAIT, ARE YOU NOT INTERESTED TO KNOW WHY I'M...?

AH.

SO THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.

LISTEN TO ME...

ALAS, LOKI LAUFEYSON, IT APPEARS SEMIR IS DONE LISTENING.

FOR WHO ARE YOU TO TELL US WHETHER OR NOT WE ARE *CURSED?* OR WHETHER OR NOT *YOU* SHOULD BE *IMMUNE* TO IT, OUR MAKER?

WE THINK THAT'S RATHER UP TO US, DON'T YOU?

AND THIS IS *OUR* STORY NOW, NOT YOURS.

TO BE CONTINUED...?

LOKI

"THE LIAR"
CHAPTER ONE

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VC's Travis Lanham — LETTERER

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Stacie Zucker — PRODUCTION DESIGN
Michelle Marchese — ASSISTANT EDITOR
Wil Moss — EDITOR
C.B. Cebulski — EDITOR IN CHIEF

LOKI CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY

Life is chaos.

Yeah, that's a little dramatic, but what do you want? This is a Loki comic. And Loki is gloriously dramatic *and* a force of chaos unlike any other to boot. Every time he's reared his head in the Marvel Universe, he's been a whirlwind of mischief, change and conflict who's torn through whatever scene he's deigned to show his face in, inevitably making the tale more interesting and having minor knock-on effects like making the Avengers exist. Now Loki is the god of stories altogether--All-Father help us all.

Stories, however, are about order. Sometimes it doesn't look like it, but that's the storyteller's mischief at heart. All stories have structure, beats, themes, all that good stuff, even when we hide them as best we can. Life tends to refuse to have any of these things--including, sometimes, good stuff at all.

That's what makes stories comforting. It's what keeps us coming back. They don't always tell us that everything will work out for the best--we'd never believe that, deep in our cynical little souls. But they do tell us that it all makes a sort of sense in the end.

And that's always been Loki's M.O., hasn't it? That force of chaos who's really performing a sleight of hand, quite often distracting us by flipping over the chessboard with his *other* hand. Bringing everything--people, places and events--together on his terms for his own ends, be they fair or foul.

And that's why when I got an email from my editor, Wil, asking if I'd like to do a book at Marvel and saying that the book in mind was LOKI, I grinned with glee. I love this trickster and the knotted webs he weaves. I love the tightropes he walks between chaos and order and the thrill of how it could all fall down at any moment. And I wanted to find out what might happen if it did--if all that came around to bite him.

So, let's settle in for a tale of the God of Stories--though I don't think this is a story about stories. It's a chance to thrust a bit of chaos upon the chaos-maker and see how he likes it, thank you very much. Let's see Loki get out of this one.

I bet he does, the cheeky sod.

--Dan Watters

We want to hear from you! Write to us at **mheroes@marvel.com** and mark your letters "okay to print."

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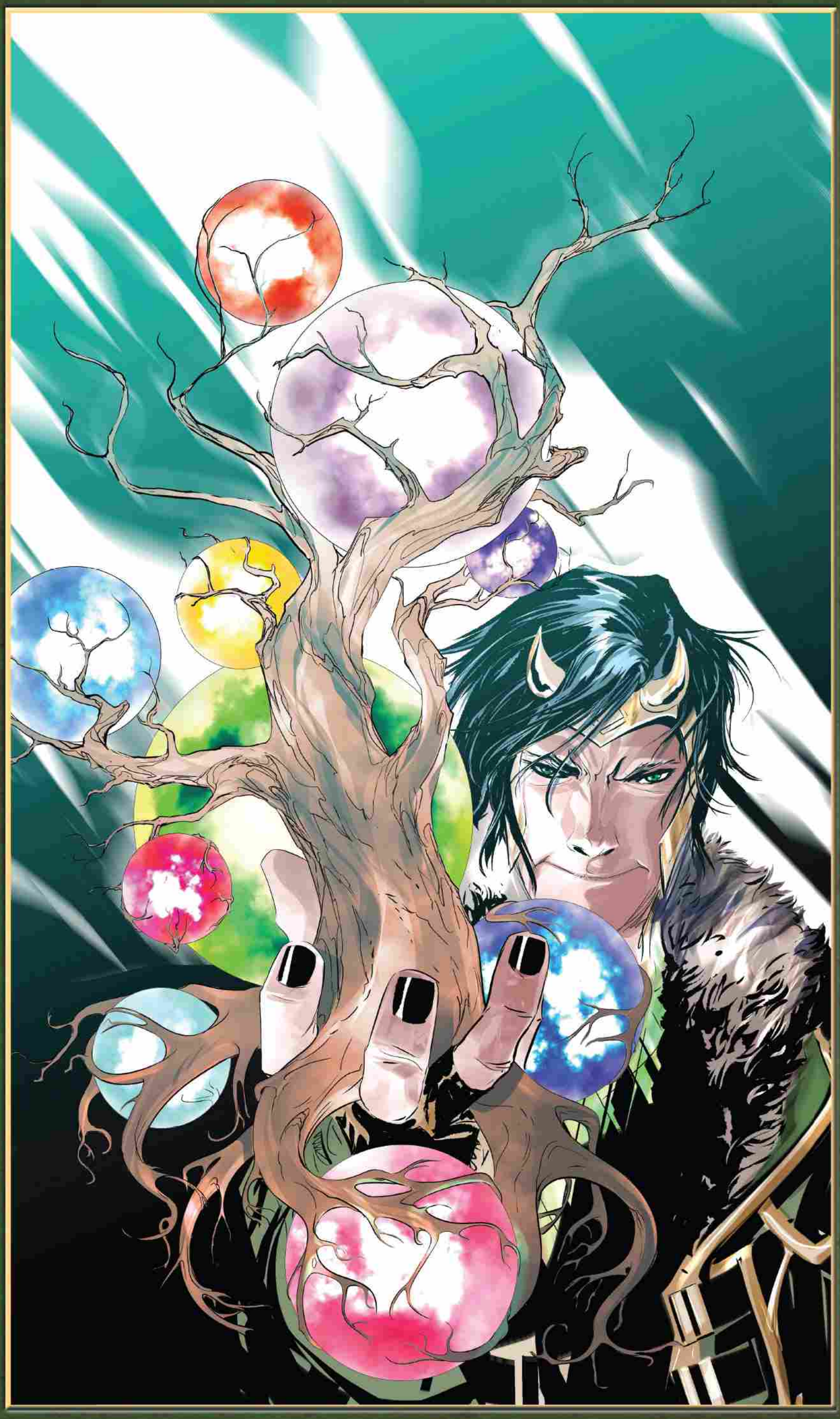
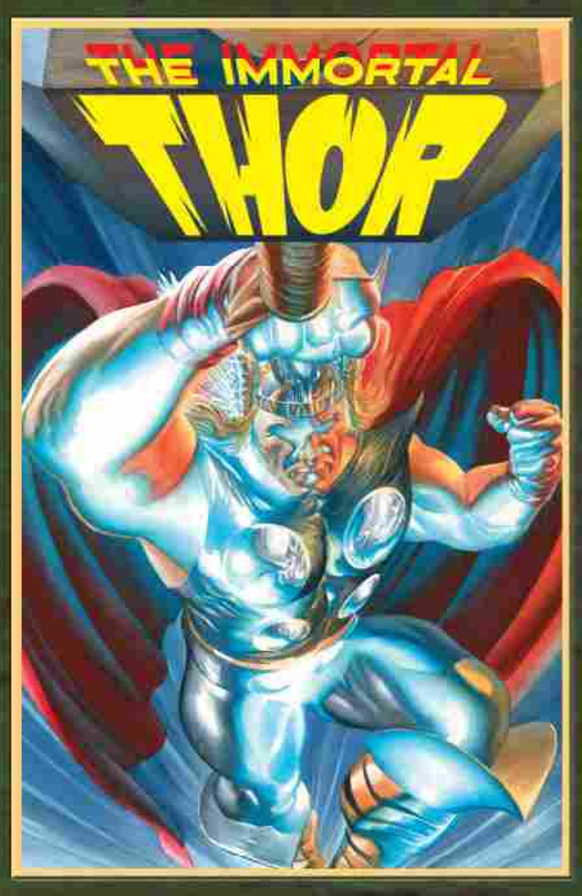


NEXT ISSUE:
NIDAVELLIR

AND DON'T MISS...

WHAT IF...? DARK: LOKI #1
BY WALTER SIMONSON
AND SCOT EATON

THOR ANNUAL #1
BY COLLIN KELLY,
JACKSON LANZING AND
IBRAIM ROBERSON



IMMORTAL THOR #1
BY AL EWING AND
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

ZONE